THE HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"EXCELSIOR."

Vol. II. No. 530. Concord, New-Hampshire, Friday, August 7, 1846. New Series, Vol. I, No. 51.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY
BY ITS FRIENDS:
JOHN R. FRENCH, Publishing Agent
OFFICE—STICKNEY'S BLOCK, 3d STORY:

N. P. ROGERS, Editor.

TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents for fifty-two numbers.
POSTAGE ought to be paid in all cases.

THE HERALD.

A SERMON OF WAR,

BY THEODORE PARKER.

'THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR.'—*Exodus, XV. 3.*

'GOD IS LOVE.'—*1 John, IV. 8.*

I ask your attention to a SERMON OF WAR. I have waited some time before treating this subject at length, till the present hostilities should assume a definite form, and the designs of the government become more apparent. I wished to speak coolly and with a knowledge of the facts, that we might understand the comparative merits of the present war. Besides, I have waited for others, in the churches, of more experience to speak, before I ventured to offer my counsel; and I have thus far waited almost in vain! I did not wish to treat the matter last Sunday, for that was the end of our week of Pentecost, when cloven tongues of flame descend on the city, and some are thought to be full of new wine, and others of the Holy Spirit. The heat of the meetings—good and bad—of that week, could not wholly have passed away from you or me, and we ought to come coolly and consider a subject like this. So the last Sunday I only sketched the back-ground of the picture, to-day intending to paint the horrors of war in front of that 'Presence of Beauty in Nature,' to which, with its 'Meanings' and its 'Lessons,' I then asked you to attend.

It seems to me that an IDEA OF GOD as the infinite is given us in our nature itself. But men create a more definite conception thereof in their own image. Thus a rude savage man, who has learned only the presence of Power in Nature, conceives of God mainly as a *Force*, and speaks of Him as a God of *Power*. Such, though not without beautiful exceptions, is the character ascribed to Jehovah in the Old Testament. 'The Lord is a man of war.' He is 'the Lord of Hosts.' He kills men, and their cattle. If there is trouble in the enemies' city, it is the Lord who hath caused it. He will 'whet his glittering sword and render vengeance to his enemies. He will make his arrows drunk with blood, and his sword shall devour flesh!' It is with the sword that God pleads with all men. He encourages men to fight, and says 'cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.' He sends blood into the streets; he waters the land with blood, and in blood he dissolves the mountains. He brandishes his sword before kings, and they tremble at every moment. He treads nations as grapes in a wine-press, and his garments are stained with their life's blood.

A man who has grown up to read the older Testament of God revealed in the Beauty of the Universe, and to feel the goodness of God therein set forth—sees Him not as *Force* only, or in chief, but as *Love*. He worships in love the God of Goodness and of Peace:' 'Our Father,' —'Kind to the unthankful and the unmerciful.' In one word, God is Love. He loves us all, Jew and Gentile, bond and free; all are his children, each of priceless value in his sight.—He is no God of Battles; no Lord of Hosts; no man of war. He has no sword, nor arrows; he does not water the earth nor melt the mountains in blood, but 'he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.' He has no garments dyed in blood; curses no man for refusing to fight.—He is Spirit—to be worshipped in spirit and in truth! The commandment is: Love one another; resist not evil with evil; forgive seventy times seven; overcome evil with good; do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.* There is no nation to shut its ports against another—all are men; no caste to curl its lip at inferiors—all are brothers, members of one body, united in the Christ, the ideal man and head of all. The greatest is the most useful. No man is to be master, for the Christ is our teacher.—We are to fear no man, for God is our Father.

These precepts are undeniably the precepts of Christianity; equally plain is it that they are the dictates of man's nature, only developed and active; a part of God's universal revelation—His law writ on the soul of man, established in the nature of things; true after experience and true before all experience. The man of real insight into spiritual things sees and knows them to be true.

Do not believe it the part of a coward to think so. I have known many cowards; yes, a great many: some very cowardly, pusillanimous and faint-hearted cowards; but never one who thought so, or pretended to think so. It requires very little courage to fight with sword and musket, and that of a cheap kind. Men of that stamp are plenty as grass in June. Beat your drum, and they will follow; offer them but eight dollars a month, and they will come—fifty thousand of them, and to smite and kill. Every male animal, or reptile, will fight. It requires little courage to kill; but it takes much to resist evil with good—holding obstinately out, active or passive, till you overcome it. Call that non-resistance, if you will; it is the stoutest kind of combat—demanding all the manhood of a man.

I will not deny that war is inseparable from a low stage of civilization; so is polygamy, slavery, cannibalism. Taking men as they were, savage and violent, there have been times when war was unavoidable. I will not deny that it has helped forward the civilization of the race, for God often makes the folly and the sin of men contribute to the progress of mankind. It is none the less a folly or a sin. In a civilized nation like ourselves, it is far more heinous than in the Ojibeways or the Chamaches.

War is in utter violation of Christianity. If war be right then Christianity is wrong, false—a lie. But if Christianity be true—if Reason, Conscience, Religion, the highest faculties of man, are to be trusted—then war is the wrong, the falsehood, the lie. I maintain that war is a Sin; that it is national infidelity, a denial of Christianity and of God. Every man who understands Christianity by heart—in its relations to man, to society, the nation, the world—knows that war is a wrong. At this day, with all the enlightenment of our age, after the long peace of the nations, war is easily avoided. Whenever it occurs, the very fact of its occurrence convicts the rulers of a nation either of entire incapacity as statesmen, or else of the worst form of treason—treason to the people, to mankind, to God!—There is no other alternative. The very fact of a war shows that the men who cause it must be either Fools or Traitors. I think lightly of what is called Treason against a government. That may be your duty to-day, or mine. Certainly it was our fathers' duty, not long ago; now it is our boast and their title to honor. But Treason against the People, against Mankind, against God, is a great Sin, not lightly to be spoken of. But the political authors of a war on this continent, and at this day, are either utterly incapable of a statesman's work, or else guilty of that sin. Fools they are, or Traitors they must be.

Let me speak, and in detail, of the *Evils of War*. I wish this were not necessary. But we have found ourselves in a war; the Congress has voted our money and our men to carry it on; the Governors call for volunteers; the volunteers come when they are called for. No voice of indignation goes forth out from the heart of the eight hundred thousand souls of Massachusetts; of the seventeen million freemen of the land how few complain; only a man here and there! The Press is well-nigh silent. And the Church, so far from protesting against this infidelity in the name of Christ, is little better than dead.—The man of blood shelters himself behind its wall—silent, dark, dead and emblematic. These facts show it is necessary to speak of the evils of war. I am speaking in a city whose fairest, firmest, most costly buildings are warehouses and banks; a city whose most popular Idol is Mammon—the God of Gold; whose Trinity is a Trinity of Coin! I shall speak intelligibly, therefore, if I begin by considering war as a *Waste of Property. It paralyzes industry.* The very fear of it is a mildew upon commerce. Though the present war is but a skirmish, only a few random shots between a squad of regulars and some strolling battalions—a quarrel which in Europe would scarcely frighten even the Pope—yet see the effect of it upon trade. Though the fighting be thousands of miles from Boston, your stocks fall in the market; the rate of insurance is altered; your dealer in wood piles his boards and his lumber on his wharf, not finding a market.—There are few ships in the great Southern mart to take the freight of many; exchange is disturbed. The clergyman is afraid to buy a book, lest his children want bread. So it is with all departments of industry and trade. In war the capitalist is uncertain and slow to venture, so the laborer's hand will be still and his child ill-clad and hungry.

In the late war with England many of you remember the condition of your fisheries, of your commerce; how the ships lay rotting at the wharf. The dearness of cloth, provisions, flour, sugar, tea, coffee, salt, the comparative lowness of wages, the stagnation of business; the scarcity of money; the universal sullenness and gloom—all this is well remembered now. So is the ruin it brought on many a man.

Yet but few weeks ago some men talked boastingly of a war with England. There are some men who seem to have no eyes nor ears—only a mouth; whose chief function is talk. Of *their* talk I will say nothing,—we look for dust in dry places. But some men thus talked of war, and seemed desirous to provoke it who can scarce plead ignorance and I fear not folly for their excuse. I leave such to the just resentment sure to fall on them from sober, sensible men who dare be so unpopular as to think before they speak, and then say what came of thinking. Perhaps such a war was never likely to take place, and now—thanks to a few wise men—all danger thereof seems at an end. But suppose it had happened—what would become of your commerce, of your fishing smacks on the Banks or along the shore? what of your coasting vessels, doubling the headlands all the way from the St. Johns to the Nueces? what of your whale ships in the Pacific? what of your Indiamen, deep freighted with oriental wealth? what of that fleet which crowds across the Atlantic sea, trading with East and West and North and South? I know some men care little for the rich, but when the owners keep their craft in port, where can the 'hands' find work or their mouths find bread? The shipping of the United States amounts nearly to 2,500,000 tons. At $40 a ton, its value is nearly $100,000,000. This is the value only of those sea-carriages; their cargoes I cannot compute. Allowing one sailor for every 20 tons burthen, here will be 125,000 seamen. They and their families amount to 500,000 souls. In war what will become of them? A capital of more than $13,000,000 is invested in the fisheries of Massachusetts alone. More than 19,000 men find profitable employment therein. If each man have but four others in his family—a small number for *that* class—there are more than 95,000 persons in this State alone, whose daily bread depends on this business. *They* cannot fish in troubled waters, for they are fishermen, not politicians. Where could they find bread or cloth in time of war? In Dartmoor Prison? Ask that of your demagogues who courted war!

Then too *the positive destruction of property in war is monstrous.* A ship of the line costs from $500,000 to $1,000,000. The loss of a fleet by capture, by fire, or by decay is a great loss. You know at what cost a fort is built, if you have counted the sums successively voted for Fort Adams in Rhode Island, or those in our own harbor. The destruction of forts is another item in the cost of war. The capture or destruction of merchant ships with their freight, creats a most formidable loss. In 1812 the whole tonnage of the United States was scarce half what it is now. Yet the loss of ships and their freight, in 'the late war,' brief as it was, is estimated at $100,000,000! Then the loss by plunder and military occupation is monstrous.—The soldier, like the savage, cuts down the tree to gather its fruit. I cannot calculate the loss by burning towns and cities. But suppose Boston were bombarded and laid in ashes. Calculate the loss if you can. You may say this could not be, for 'tis easy to say No, as Yes. But remember what befell us in the last war; remember how recently the best defended capitals of Europe—Vienna, Paris, Antwerp—have fallen into hostile hands. Consider how often a strong place—like Coblentz, Maintz, Malta, Gibraltar, St. Juan d'Ulloa—has been declared impregnable, and then been taken; calculate the force which might be brought against this town—and you will see that in eight and forty hours, or half that time, it might be left nothing but a heap of ruins smoking in the sun! I doubt not the valor of American soldiers, the skill of their engineers, nor the ability of their commanders. I am ready to believe all this is greater than we are told. Still, such are the contingencies of war. If some not very ignorant men had had their way, this would be a probability and perhaps a fact. If we should burn every town from the Tweed to the Thames it would not rebuild our own city.

But on the suppostion that nothing is destroyed, see the loss which comes from *the misdirection of productive industry.* Your fleets, forts, dock-yards, arsenals, cannons, muskets, swords, and the like, are provided at great cost, and yet are unprofitable. They don't pay. They weave no cloth; they bake no bread; they produce nothing. Yet from 1791 to 1832, in 42 years, we expended in these things, $303,242,576, viz., for the navy, &c., $112,703,933; for the army, &c., $190,538,643. For the same time, all other expenses of the nation came to but $37,158,047. More than eight-ninths of the whole revenue of the nation wis spent for purposes of war. In four years, from 1812 to 1815, we paid in this way, $92,310,519.37. In six years, from 1835 to 1840, we paid annually on the average $21,328,903, in all $127,973,418. Our Congress has just voted $17,000,000 as a special grant for the army alone. The 175,118 muskets at Springfield are valued at $3,000,000; we pay annually $200,000 to support that arsenal. The navy yard at Charlestown, with its stores, &c., has cost $4,741,000. Now, for all profitable returns, this money might as well be sunk in the bottom of the sea. In some countries it is yet worse. There are towns and cities in which the fortifications have cost more than all the houses, churches, shops and other property therein. This happens not among the Sacs and Foxes, but in 'Christian' Europe.

Then your soldier is the most unprofitable animal you can keep. He makes no railroads; clears no land; raises no corn. No, he can make neither cloth nor clocks! He does not raise his own bread, mend his own shoes, make his shoulder-knot of glory, nor hammer out his own sword.—Yet he is a costly animal, though useless.—If the President gets his fifty thousand volunteers—a thing likely to happen, for though Irish lampers and bod-men want a dollar or a dollar and a half a day your free, American of Boston will list for twenty-seven cents, only be[illegible] his 'glory' thrown in—then at $8 a month, their wages amount to $400,000. Suppose the present government shall actually make advantageous contracts, and the subsistance of the soldier cost no more than in England, or $17 a month, this amounts to $850,000. Here are $1,250,000 to begin with. Then, if each man would be worth a dollar a day at any productive work, and there are 26 work days in the month, here are $1,300,000 more to be added, making $2,550,000 a month for the new army of occupation. This is only for the rank and file of the army. The officers, the surgeons, and the chaplains who teach the soldiers to *wad* their muskets with the leaves of the Bible, will perhaps cost as much more; or in all, something more than $5,000,000 a month. This of course does not include the cost of their arms, tents, ammunition, baggage, horses and hospital stores—nor the 65,000 gallons of whiskey which the government has just advertised for! What do they give in return? They will give us three things, 'Valor,' 'Glory,' and—Talk; which, as they are not in the price current, I must estimate as I can, and set them all down in one figure = 0; not worth the whiskey they cost.

New England is quite a new country.—Seven generations ago it was a wilderness; now it contains about 2,500,000 souls. If you were to pay all the public debts of these States, and then, in fancy, divide all the property therein by the population, young as we are, I think you would find a larger amount of value for each man than in any other country in the world, not excepting England. The civilization of Europe is old; the nations old,—England, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, Greece; but they have wasted their time, their labor and their wealth in war, and so are poorer than we upstarts of a wilderness. We have fewer fleets, forts, cannon and soldiers for the population, than any other "Christian" country in the world. This is one main reason why we have no national debt; why the women need not toil in the hardest labor of the fields, the quarries and the mines; this is the reason that we are well fed, well clad, well housed; this is the reason that Massachusetts can afford to spend $1,000,000 a year for her public schools! War, wasting a nation's wealth, depresses the great mass of the people, but serves to elevate a few to opulence and power. Every despotism is established and sustained by war. This is the foundation of all the aristocracies of the old world—aristocracies of blood. Our famous men are often ashamed that their wealth was honestly got by working, or peddling, and foolishly copy the savage and bloody emblems of ancient heraldry in their assumed coats of arms—industrious men seeking to have a Griffin on their seal! Nothing is so hostile to a true democracy as war. It elevates a few, often bold bad men, at the expense of the many, who pay the money and furnish the blood for war.

War is a most expensive folly. The revolutionary war cost the general government directly and in specie $135,000,000. It is safe to estimate the direct cost to the individual States also at the same sum, $135,000,000; making a total of $270,000,000. Considering the interruption of business, the waste of time, property and life, it is plain that this could not have been a fourth part of the whole. But supposing it was a third, then the whole pecuniary cost of the war would be $810,000,000. At the beginning of the revolution the population was about 3,000,000; so that war, lasting about eight years, cost $270 for each person. To meet the expenses of the war each year there would have been required a tax of $33.75 on each man, woman and child!

In the Florida war we spent between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000, as an eminent statesman once said, in fighting five hundred invisible Indians! It is estimated that the fortifications of the city of Paris, when completely furnished, will cost more than the whole taxable property of Massachusetts, with her 800,000 souls. Why, this year our own grant for the army is $17,000,000. The estimate for the navy is $6,000,000 more; in all $23,000,000. Suppose, which is most unlikely, that we should pay no more,—why that sum alone would support public schools, as good and as costly as those of Massachusetts, all over the United States, offering each boy and girl—bond or free—as good a culture as they get here in Boston, and then leave a balance of $3,000,000 in our hands! We pay more for ignorance than we need for education! But $23,000,000 is not all we must pay this year. A great statesman has said, in the Senate, that our war expenses at present are nearly $500,000 a day, and the President informs your Congress that $22,952,904 more will be wanted for the army and navy before next June!

For several years we spent directly more than $21,000,000 for war purposes, though in time of peace. If a railroad cost $30,000 a mile, then we might build 700 miles a year for that sum, and in five years could build a railroad therewith from Boston to the farther side of Oregon. For the war money we paid in 42 years, we could have had more than 10,000 miles of railroad and with dividends, at 7 per cent,—a yearly income of $21,210,000. For military and naval affairs, in eight years, from 1835 to 1843, we paid $163,336,717. This alone would have made 5,444 miles of railroad, and would produce at 7 per cent. an annual income of $11,433,569 19.

In Boston there are nineteen public grammar schools, a Latin and an English High School. The buildings for these schools—20 in number—have cost $653,208. There are also 135 primary schools, in as many houses or rooms. I know not their value, as I think they are not all owned by the city. But suppose them to be worth $[illegible]—[illegible]-houses of this city have cost $803,208. The cost of these 155 schools for this year is estimated $172,000. The number of scholars in them is 16,479. Harvard University, the most expensive college in America, costs about $46,000 a year. Now the ship Ohio lying here in our harbor has cost $834,815, and we pay for it each year $220,000 more.—That is, it has cost $31,637 more than 155 school-houses of this city, and costs every year $2,000 more than Harvard University and all the public schools of Boston.

The military Academy at West Point contains two hundred and thirty-six cadets; the appropriation for it last year was $138,000, a sum greater, I think, than the annual cost of all the colleges in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, with their 1,445 students.

The navy yard at Charle-town, with its ordnance, stores, &c., cost $4,741,000.—The cost of the 78 churches in Boston is $3,246,500; the whole property of Harvard University is $703,175; the 155 school-houses of Boston are worth $703,208; in all $4,652,883. Thus the navy yard at Charlestown has cost $99,117 more than the 73 churches and the 155 school-houses of Boston, with Harvard College, its halls, libraries, all its wealth thrown in. Yet what does it teach?

Our country is singularly destitute of public libraries. You must go across the ocean to read the history of the Church or State; all the public libraries in America cannot furnish the books referred to in Gibbon's Rome, or Gieseler's History of the Church. I think there is no public library in Europe which has cost three dollars a volume. There are six—the Vatican, at Rome; the Royal, at Paris; the British Museum, at London; the Bodleian, at Oxford; the University Libraries at Gottingen and Berlin—which contain, it is said, about 4,500,000 volumes. The recent grant of $17,000,000 for the army is $3,500,000 more than the cost of those magnificent collections!

There have been printed about 3,000,000 different volumes, great and little, within the last 400 years. If the Florida war cost but $30,000,000, it is ten times more than enough to have purchased one copy of each book ever printed, at one dollar a volume, which is more than the average cost.

Now all these sums are to be paid by the people, 'the dear people,' whom our republican demagogues love so well, and for whom they spend their lives, rising early, toiling late, those self-denying heroes, those sainted martyrs of the republic, eating the bread of carefulness for them alone!—But how are they to be paid? By a direct tax levied on all the property of the nation, so that the poor man pays according to his little, and the rich man in proportion to his much, each knowing when he pays and what he pays for? No such thing; nothing like it. The people must pay and not know it; must be deceived a little or they would not pay after this fashion! You pay for it in every pound of sugar, copper, coal, in every yard of cloth; and if the counsel of some lovers of the people be followed, you will soon pay for it in each pound of coffee and tea. In this way the rich man always pays relatively less than the poor; often a positively smaller sum. Even here I think that three-fourths of all the property is owned by one fourth of the people, yet that one-fourth by no means pays a third of the national revenue. The tax is laid on things men cannot do without,—sugar, cloth, and the like. The consumption of these articles is not in proportion to wealth but persons.—Now the poor man, as a general rule, has more children than the rich, and the tax being more in proportion to persons than property, the poor man pays more than the rich. So a tax is really laid on the poor man's children to pay for the war which makes him poor and keeps him poor. I think your captains and colonels, those sons of thunder and heirs of glory, will not tell you so. They tell you so! they know it! Poor brothers, how could they? I think your party newspapers—penny or pound—will not tell you so; nor the demagogues, all covered with glory and all forlorn, who tell the people when to hurrah and for what! But if you cipher the matter out for yourself you will find it so, and not otherwise. Tell the demagogues—whig or democratic—that. It was an old Roman maxim, 'The people wish to be deceived; let them.' Now it is only practiced on; not repeated—in public.

Let us deal justly even with war, giving that its due. There is one class of men who find their pecuniary advantage in it.—I mean army contractors, when they chance to be favorites of the party in power; men who let steamboats to lie idle at $500 a day. This class of men rejoice in a war. The country may become poor, they are sure to be rich. Yet another class turn war to account, get the 'glory,' and become immortal in song and sermon. I see it stated in a newspaper that the Duke of Wellington has received, as gratuities for his military services, $5,400,000, and $40,000 a year in pensions!

But the waste of property is the smallest part of the evil. THE WASTE OF LIFE IN WAR IS YET MORE TERRIBLE. Human life is a sacred thing. Go out into the lowest street of Boston; take the vilest and most squalid man in that miserable lane, and he is dear to some one. He is called brother; perhaps husband; it may be, father; at least, son. A human heart, sadly joyful, beat over him before he was born. He has been pressed fondly to his mother's arms.—Her tears and her smiles have been for him; perhaps also her prayers. His blood may be coursed by a mean and vile by the great men of the earth who love nothing so well as the dear people, for he has no 'coat of arms,' no liveried servant to attend him, but it has run down from the same first man. His family is ancient as that of the most long descended king. God made him,—made this splendid universe to wait on him and teach him; sent his Christ to save him. He is an immortal soul. To spill that man's blood is an awful sin. It will cry against you out of the ground—Cain! where is thy brother? Now in war you bring together 50,000 men like him on one side, and 50,000 of a different nation on the other. They have no natural quarrel with one another. The earth is wide enough for both—neither hinders the sun from the other. Many come unwillingly; many not knowing what they fight for. It is but accident which determines on which side the man shall fight. The cannons pour their shot—round, grape, canister; the howitzers scatter their bursting shells; the muskets rain their leaden death; the sword, the bayonet, the horses' iron hoof; the wheels of artillery grind the men down into trodden dust. There they lie—the two masses of burning valor—extinguished, quenched, and grimly dead, each covering with his body the spot he defended with his arms. They had no quarrel; yet they lie there, slain by a brother's hand. It is not old and decrepid men, but men of the productive age, full of lusty life.

But it is only the smallest part that perish in battle. Exposure to cold, wet, heat; unhealthy climates, unwholesome food, rum and forced marches—bring on diseases which mow down the poor soldiers worse than musketry and grape. Others languish of wounds, and slowly procrastinate a dreadful and a tenfold death. Far away, there are widows, orphans, childless old fathers, who pore over the daily news to learn at random the fate of a son, a father, or a husband! They crowd disconsolate into the churches, seeking of God the comfort men took from them,—praying in the bitterness of a broken heart, while the priest gives thanks for 'a famous victory', and hangs up the bloody standard over his pulpit!

When ordinary disease cuts off a man, when he dies at his duty, there is some comfort in that loss. 'Twas the ordinance of God', you say. You minister to his wants; you smooth down the pillow for the aching head; your love beguiles the torment of disease, and your own bosom gathers half the darts of death. He goes in his time and God takes him. But when he dies in war, in battle, it is Man who has robbed him of life. It is a murderer that is butchered. Nothing alleviates that bitter, burning smart!

Others not slain are maimed for life. This has no eyes; that no hands; another no feet nor legs. This has been pierced by the lances, and torn with the shot, till scarce any thing human is left. The wreck of a body is crazed with pains God never meant for man. The mother that bore him would not know her child. Count the orphan asylums in Germany and Holland; go into the hospital at Greenwich, that of the Invalids

(Continued on 4th page.)

* To show the differences between the Old and New Testament, and to serve as introduction to this discourse, the following passages were read as the morning lesson. Exodus, xv. 1-6; 2 Sam: xxii. 32. 35-43. 48; Ps. xiv. 3-5; Isa. lxvi. 15, 16; Joel iii. 9-17, and Matthew, v. 3-11 38-39 43-45.

(Concluded from 4th page.)

now. It was gloomy—when Washington with his little army fled through the Jerseys. It was a long dark day from '83 to 89. It was not so dark as now; the nation never so false. There was never a time when resistance to tyrants was so rare a virtue; when the people so tamely submitted to a wrong.—Now you can feel the darkness. The sack of this city and the butchery of its people were a far less evil than the moral deadness of this nation. Men spring up again like the mown grass—but to raise up saints and heroes in a dead nation, corrupting beside its golden tomb, what shall do that for us? We must look not to the many for that, but to the few who are faithful unto God and Man.

I know the hardy vigor of our men, the stalwart intellect of this people. Would to God they could learn to love the Right and True. Then what a people should we be—spreading from the Madawaska to the Sacramento—diffusing our great Idea, and living our Religion, the Christianity of Christ! Oh, Lord! make the vision true; waken thy people till Righteousness exalt us! No wonders will be wrought for that. But the voice of Conscience speaks to you and me—and all of us; the Right shall prosper; the wicked States shall die, and History responds her long Amen.

What lessons come to us from the past! The Genius of Old Civilization, solemn and sad, sits there on the Alps, his classic beard descending o'er his breast. Behind him arise the new nations, bustling with romantic life. He bends down over the midland sea, and counts up his children—Assyria, Egypt, Tyre, Carthage, Troy, Etruria, Corinth, Athens, Rome—once so renowned, now gathered with the dead, their giant ghosts still lingering pensive o'er the spot. He turns westward his face, too sad to weep, and raising from his palsied knee his trembling hand, looks on his brother Genius of the New Civilization. That young giant, strong and mocking, sits there on the Alleghanies. Before him lie the waters, covered with ships; behind him he hears the roar of the Mississippi and the far distant Oregon—rolling their riches to the sea. He bends down, and that far ocean murmurs pacific in his ear. On his left, are the harbors, shops and mills of the East, and a five-fold gleam of light goes up from Northern lakes. On his right, spread out the broad savannahs of the South, waiting to be blessed; and far off that Mexique bay bends round her tropic shores. A crown of stars is on that giant's head, some glorious with flashing, many-colored light; some bloody red; some pale and faint, of most uncertain hue. His right hand lies folded in his robe; the left rests on the Bible's opened page; and holds these sacred words—All men are equal, born with equal rights from God. The old says to the young: 'Brother, BEWARE!' and Alps and Rocky Mountains say, BEWARE!' That stripling giant, ill-bred and scoffing, shouts amain: 'My feet are red with the Indians' blood; my hand has forged the negro's chain. I am strong; who dares assail me? I will drink his blood, for I have made my covenant of lies and leagued with hell for my support. There is no Right, no Truth; Christianity is false, and God a name.' His left hand rends those sacred scrolls, casting his Bibles underneath his feet, and in his right he brandishes the negro-driver's whip—crying again—'Say, who is God and what is Right.' And all his mountains echo RIGHT. But the old Genius sadly says again: 'Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not prosper.' The hollow tomb of Egypt, Athens, Rome, of every ancient State, with all their wandering ghosts, replies, 'AMEN.'

THE HERALD.

"My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder-fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for [illegible]
[illegible] let it come."

CONCORD, FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1846.

'The evidence of the progress of anti-slavery principles among the people of this State, which is to be gathered from the recent anti-slavery action of our legislature, is rather encouraging,—when we remember that the men who sat in those halls, but ten years ago, were engaged in discussing the expediency of making the printing and circulating of anti-slavery sentiments in this State, a *State Prison offence*.—F.—*The Herald of Freedom.*

The above statement we pronounce to be *unqualifiedly false*; and the writer must have known it to be so when he penned it. No such discussion ever took place in the New Hampshire legislature.—*N. H. Patriot*

Every Reform, when at last it becomes *popular* with the people, is sure to receive the especial affection of those who in its earlier days were its most inveterate opposers—and in some instances these craven souls will claim to have been the very *fathers* of the movement, and with all the effrontery imaginable will tell over their sacrifices and toils in its behalf. This is the game the Democratic editors of this State are now attempting to play in regard to Anti-Slavery. Their past action has been *so* detestable on this question, we feel inclined to do what lies in our power to prevent their success in their new move.—*Repentance*—deep repentance—is the only door by which they may enter into the Anti-Slavery ranks.

The assertion of ours in the last Herald, relative to past action of the Legislature, which the editor of the Patriot pronounces 'false'—we reassert to be *true*, and shall proceed to PROVE the same—remarking by the way, that *J. J. Gilchrist* holds his present seat upon the bench, as the reward for his subserviency to the slave interest, in the very matter now under discussion.

In 1835 and '36, as all acquainted with the history of the anti-slavery reform well recollect, the legislatures of several of the Slave States, demanded of the legislatures of the Northern States, that they at once enact such penal laws as should smother the anti-slavery movement; in the language of the request that came from one of the States, 'to adopt penal enactments, for the purpose of suppressing any associations within their limits, purporting to be or having the character of abolition societies.'

In June 1836, Gov. Hill devoted a large portion of his Message to the Legislature, to a discussion of the anti-slavery question, and responded to the demands of the South in a most despicable and truckling spirit—wading through sheet after sheet of *foolscap* in excuse and defence of the institution of domestic slavery. We extract a paragraph or two from the Governor's Message:

'The sages who framed the Constitution of the United States, found slavery existing in a portion of the States; the country had grown up under slave labor—slavery was among those fixed habits of the people which it was not the part, if it had been in the power of the government to eradicate.—They wisely framed that instrument with the intent that it should not be in the power of the people of one section of the country, to interfere with the domestic relations of another section of the country. Could it be supposed that the free population of the South would for a moment have consented to argue the question with the inhabitants of the North whether they should yield to the prospective, much less to the immediate emancipation of their slaves?—The Constitution was the result of a voluntary mutual compromise. Will it be contended that the Southern States ever consented to give up to any other power on earth the control over their slaves? As well might it be alleged that the free white inhabitants of the South voluntarily consented to place themselves in the condition of their slaves—as well may it be assumed that the man of wealth would voluntarily change conditions with the abject and dependent. The obligation of the whole country is to protect the rights the slaveholder has in the slave: the allegiance which the citizen owes to that country forbids his interference to disturb the relations existing between the master and the slave.'

* * * * * * *

'The inhabitants of the States where slavery does not exist have no greater moral right to interfere for the purpose of bringing about such a change, than have the inhabitants of the slave States to interfere in the relations subsisting between parents and their children, between masters and their apprentices, or with the tenure by which property is held in the free States. Nay, there is a much more potent and conclusive reason for non-interference in the former than in the latter case—because the relation on the one hand may be trenched upon without endangering life, while on the other it will be impossible to teach the blacks not only that they owe no servitude to the whites but that they are their equals, and not inculcate that they are justified in resisting unto blood that state of things which has placed them in a dependent condition.

Such, in my estimation, is the obligation of the free States to the co-States where slavery exists, that IT IS THE DUTY OF THEIR LEGISLATURES TO INTERFERE in the prevention of all attempts having in view the intention to excite revolt among the present servile race, whenever such interference can be exercised without invading the rights of our own citizens. When flagrant acts calculated to incite the colored slave race of any portion of the country to rise upon the free white race, shall be tangible, it will be the DUTY OF THE LEGISLATURE TO INTERPOSE A REMEDY as far as it may be authorized by the great principles of the constitutional charts under which we live, taking care that in our efforts to protect others we do not invade the natural and unalienable rights of our own citizens.'

Such was the response the Governor of the *free* State of New Hampshire, gave to the tyrant demand of the slaveholders, and at the very time too, when anti-slavery publishers were under indictment of southern juries, and requisitions for their bodies were waiting the decision of Northern Governors, and rewards were put upon the heads of abolition editors by southern legislatures! Was there here no yielding to the demand of the South, for penal laws to suppress this agitation—was there here no '*discussion*' of the question?—In 1836, the 'Democracy' of New Hampshire, gloried in their allegiance to the South—manfully acknowledged that LIBERTY was a lie—a cheat; in the language of Gov. Hill, in the Message from which we have quoted above, maintaining that "there are natural relations "existing between the master and his slave "which often *endear* one to the other; and "probably in all those States where manual "labor is performed by slaves there exists not "less *affection* and *kindness* between the em-"ployers and the employed than in *those States* "*where slavery is not tolerated*." There was a boldness and frankness in such utterance, diabolical as are the sentiments, worthy of all praise. But now, our '*Democrats*' cowardly skulk from their own acts—and when charged with conduct as open as noonday and known to every body, conduct they prided themselves on ten years ago, they brazen-facedly pronounce it an '*unqualified falsehood*.'

The requests from the southern Legislatures and so much of the Message of our Governor as related to the same subject were referred by our legislature at their June session in '36, to a special Committee. *J. J. Gilchrist* was Chairman of this Committee. He prepared a report—but it was so treasonable to the rights of the people of New Hampshire, so base in its subserviency to the South, that a majority of the Committee would not approve it, and the subject was postponed to the winter session of the Legislature. In the winter, the committee was enlarged by adding a few of the right kind of Democrats, when it was found they had a majority in favor of Gilchrist's report—which was accordingly made to the House, with the signatures affixed, of *J. J. Gilchrist, Thomas P. Treadwell, James Farrington*, and *Joseph L. Richardson*.—Among the leaders then, and ever since, of the Democratic party in this State. If we had room we would publish entire this Report.—Its feebleness of argument, its crawling sycophancy, its foul, false attacks upon the characters of the noblest of our race, its insults to liberty and righteousness, in the present state of the public mind might be properly appreciated. The reputation that would now attach to the man who should utter such sentiments, belongs in right to the creature who put them forth but *ten* years ago.

The committee, after referring approvingly to the murderous mobs of those times, as 'expositions of the popular will,' and as entitled to weight as proving to the world that the north are opposed to the fanatical schemes of the abolitionists, go on to say:

"In addition to the other evidences of the popular mind, your Committe would observe that the patriotic and eloquent remarks contained in the Message of his Excellency the Governor, of June last, on this subject, have, it is believed, met with unqualified approbation. With these sentiments your committee FULLY CONCUR, believing them to be sound, judicious and philanthropic, and calculated to exert a salutary influence upon the public mind, by assisting the already downward progress of incendiary and disorganizing doctrines.

The Legislatures of some of the States of the Union, have recommended to this State, to ENACT PENAL LAWS *prohibiting the printing and circulation of papers within this State, which advocate the immediate abolition of slavery*. But your committee have too much confidence in the virtue and intelligence of their fellow-citizens, to doubt their perfect competency at all times to decide upon the merits of any question submitted to them through the medium of the public press, a confidence which is justified by the fact that the wild appeals of abolitionists have been almost entirely disregarded. The freedom of the press, the liberty of avowing openly, and without fear of restraint the opinions we may honestly entertain, are rights secured to us by the constitution—so delicate in their nature, so important to our citizens as a free people, that without them all principles soon become valueless. Legislation for such purposes, in a community so rational in its sentiments and so correct in its moral conduct, as we believe our own to be, would be unnecessary and inexpedient. BUT while your committee would protect the freedom of the press, they would with equal determination discountenance all seditious interference with the laws of our sister States—and they would EXPRESS THEIR ACCORDANCE with the doctrine avowed in a late Message of his Excellency the Governor of New York, 'That the Legislature POSSESSES THE POWER TO PASS SUCH PENAL LAWS as will have the effect of preventing the citizens of this State residents within it, from availing themselves with impunity of the protection of its sovereignty and laws while they are actually employed exciting insurrection and sedition in a sister State or engaged in treasonable enterprise intended to be carried on therein.'"

Was not this a discussion, such as I stated, and the Patriot pronounces '*unqualifiedly false*?' I recollect well, that in the debate upon the adoption of this report, Mr. Gilchrist remarked that he thought it inexpedient at that session to enact any statutes upon this subject, having strong hopes, as he said, that the excited popular will would crush the anti-slavery agitation in New Hampshire, but, if at the next session of the legislature, it was found that this movement was still afloat, he should then be in favor of granting all asked by the South, and the passage of strong penal enactments. The report and resolutions of the committee, were adopted by the House of Representatives, by a vote of 136 to 14. The following resolutions, offered by members of the House, to be added to the resolutions and report of Gilchrist's Committee, were VOTED DOWN, the first, by a vote of 159 to 27, and the others without a count:

Resolved, "That error of opinion may be safely tolerated so long as reason is left free to combat it."

Resolved, That the demand made by the slaveholding States upon the non-slaveholding States of this Union, for the latter "to adopt penal enactments, for the purpose of suppressing any associations within their limits, purporting to be or having the character of abolition societies," is an unwarrantable interference with the constitutional rights of the citizens of said non-slaveholding States, and cannot therefore be complied with.

Resolved, That any attempt, to prevent free discussion on the subject of Slavery, by making use of legal process or by means of violence is not only an abuse and contempt of law, but tyrannical and unjust, and ought therefore to be discountenanced, and rebuked by every friend to our free institutions.

Resolved, That the liberty of speech and the freedom of the press, rights secured by the constitution to the citizens of this State cannot be abridged or restrained by "penal enactments" on the request or demand of any other State.

Resolved, That the claims of the Executive of a slaveholding State on the Executive of a non-slaveholding State, for the surrender of a free citizen, to be removed to such slaveholding State for *punishment*, under laws to which he is not amenable, for acts sanctioned by the laws of the State of which he is a citizen, is an unwarrantable interference with the rights of the free citizens of the non-slaveholding States.

Such were the subjects of discussion in the legislative halls of New Hampshire ten years ago, and such the votes. We leave it with the reader to say, whether or not we are justly charged with '*unqualified falsehood*.'—F.

FIRST OF AUGUST, AT WEARE.

The day that gave Liberty to the West India boudman, was commemorated in beautiful style by the people of Weare, and many of their neighbors from all parts of Hillsborough county, and a score or such a matter, from our county of Merrimack. On account of the heavy shower of the evening previous, it was not thought prudent to meet in the dark old woods as had been contemplated, and the gathering was had at the Universalist church, which was thronged with a fine spirited company, mostly young men and women—of the most free and generous period of human life.

This was no gathering of a clan, or a party. It was a meeting of abolitionists of every shade of opinion—freely, honorably and intelligently uniting their efforts—as in the early days of the movement, before the accursed spirit of distrust and faction, scattered us into a score of little clans. With a single exception, the meeting was of the freest possible character. Near the close, a brother from New Boston, one of the oldest and most faithful soldiers in all our ranks, made some remarks, that evidently were misunderstood by a portion of the audience, who expressed a little impatience in listening to the friend, and begged of him to desist. Save this interruption, which was a matter of misunderstanding, rather than anything else, all passed off with the most harmonious freedom.

There was not a moment of time lost, from commencement to the close; there was a continued strain of argument and appeal, now uttered in sober prose, and then in the sweet music of the "Rogers Family," that melted all hearts into one. All spirits seemed to be touched—and all had an earnest word to utter for Freedom. Some idea of the spontaneous and spirited character of the meeting may be gathered from the number who took part in the talking. We may not recollect all—but we now remember, Moses Sawyer, Moses A. Cartland, Wm. H. Gove, Esq., Wm. B. Gove, "Father Robie," Rev. Mr. Brown, Samuel Gould, and Isaac Thorp, of Weare; Rev. M. G. Thomas of South Boston, Mass.; Dr. Charles Marsh of Roxbury, Mass; Stephen Newall, of Henniker; E. Dodge of New Boston; Elder Wellman of Sutton; Rev. W. P. Tilden, E. S. Chadwick, S. Dana, Esq., and J. E. Hood, of Concord. These were the talkers, but the whole audience participated deeply in the meeting. It was one of that kind where *listeners* take part as well as speakers.

These are the meetings, that are to break the chain of the bondman. Free gatherings of the people, back among the hills of the country. Meetings where all feel an interest—and of a character that will draw out the people.—During the pleasant coming months of Autumn, we trust we shall have such gatherings in every neighborhood of the State. Friends we are slow in our movements for the slave's relief. To the bondman, these long months and years pass heavily. Abolitionists of New Hampshire, of whatever name, and however we may differ in other measures for bringing about our common object, let us all unite in holding these free, general, uncommitted meetings of the people. The great thing to be done in our reform is to agitate the public mind—to give life to the public heart and conscience. New Hampshire is now anti-slavery inclined. Let us give this happy inclination a vigorous and healthful tone.

I ought not to omit mention of the beautiful and generous collation that was prepared in their Town Hall, by the hospitable friends at W., where all were made welcome, at the noon adjournment. F.

ALAS FOR THE CHURCH!

Several of the political editors of this State, are whining dolorously at the prospect of the speedy dissolution of the "Church of God," on account of the recent anti-slavery action of the Legislature. "The abolitionists are for the overthrow of the *Church!*" said Sam. Swasey, with tears in his eyes, during the debate on the anti-slavery resolution in the House,—a fellow that takes about the interest in anything like true piety, that Satan would in a prayer meeting. Alas for the Church, when such men come to her rescue,—or, when in truth there may be any danger of shaking her foundations, by sympathising with the Slave. F.

☞ Mr. Worth's Sermon on the death of TORREY, has been printed, and can be had at this office, or at the counting room of the Granite Freeman. The collection at the time of its delivery, was found hardly sufficient to meet the cost of printing the large edition that has been issued, and to meet that deficiency it has been thought proper to charge three cts. per copy to such as choose to assist in the publication—to others the sermon is gratuitous. The whole edition should be in immediate circulation.

☞ Gen Taylor has issued a Proclamation to the people of Mexico, in which he very coolly says: "These tyrants [the Mexican rulers] fear the example of our FREE institutions, and constantly endeavor to misrepresent our purposes, and inspire you with hatred for your *republican brethren* of the American Union." How strange!

☞ We learn from the last Patriot, that some one (and who, is easily guessed,) in his attempt to procure the removal of Rev. JOHN ATWOOD from the Chaplaincy of the State Prison, represented to the Governor that Mr. A. was an enemy to the *temperance* cause. That reform has not a better friend in Concord than Mr. Atwood,—and his efforts with the prisoners in that very behalf, have been untiring, and, in a multitude of cases, crowned with the happiest success. Humbly and silently, but with the untiring patience and industry of a generous and Christian heart, has Mr. Atwood for three years labored with the vicious and forsaken men confined in our Prison. His efforts for the reform of these men have been unceasing, and worthy of all commendation. Shame on his poor-spirited defamer. F.

☞ Not a sufficient number of names have yet been received to warrant the putting to press of the proposed volume of Mr. Rogers' writings. But 300 subscribers have yet been sent in. These mostly from a few towns.

☞ They have had a destructive fire at Meredith Bridge. Twenty or thirty buildings in the centre of the village, on the Meredith side of the river, were destroyed.

☞ Nothing new from the Army. Dissipation and profligacy, continue their horrible reign.

☞ President Polk has *vetoed* "The River and Harbor Bill"—'cause all the money is wanted to carry on the Mexican Conquest.

☞ The Southern volunteers for *six* months will soon return to their homes—and as *fatigue* and *work* of the campaign draw to a close, calls will be made for *Northern* troops. Remember the Florida war.

☞ How do the Northern friends of annexation *feel*, now that their Texian Sentinel have knocked in the head their favorite Texas? Nine thousand Texians vote against one hundred and fifty Pennsylvanians! So we say, Huzza for Texas, and Slavery forever!

DIED in this town, suddenly, on Tuesday evening last, HENRY H. CARROLL, Esq., editor of the N. H. Patriot, aged 33. A young man of superior talents and amiable disposition; universally respected in life and deeply lamented in death.

☞ Not a word from the Editor. Friend Rogers is undergoing COLD WATER—at Noggs' Water-Cure Establishment. But bye, when he shall have renewed his strength, The Herald may be expected to mount up as on Eagles' wings."

☞ Upon our outside we have placed Theodore Parker's Sermon of War. Nothing can be more profitable for circulation at this time. Cannot the means be raised of putting a copy of that discourse in the possession of every family of the land?

For the Herald of Freedom.

CONFESSION OF A. HOWARD.

Friend Rogers:—I have seen circulated in the papers, especially the religious papers, so called, a *confession*, purporting to be that of Andrew Howard, made on the sabbath before his execution. Since receiving it I have been most forcibly impressed with the idea that it was a *forgery*, perpetrated by some one either to prejudice people more strongly in favor of the *gallows*, or for a "catch-penny" affair. The confession is so contradictory, and, taking the circumstances into consideration, so improbable and absurd, that it can have but little effect upon any candid and reflecting mind. Yet still there are those high in society, at least in their own estimation, and ministers of the gospel (?) who are striving somewhat effectually to turn this in favor of the Gallows. When Howard's statements on almost every other subject would be scouted by them and trampled under their feet because made by a murderer, yet, because this pretended confession makes him say, "had I known that I should have been hung, if I was detected, I should never have committed the deed, which has doomed me, a young man, just in the prime of life, to an ignominious death; I suppose the punishment was imprisonment in the State Prison for life," more stress is laid upon this statement, and more importance attached to it by some of the clergy and other advocates of this relic of barbarism, than to the declarations of Christ, whose teachings they pretend to believe divine. What is the probability in regard to his making such a statement, or even thinking of it at that time? Before and at the time of the commission of the murder, by this same confession he made to say, *he had so freely drank that money imp, that he hardly knew what he was doing*. Which statement shall we believe for certainly both cannot be true! No man of common sense will or can believe it. Could a drunken man, one who did not *know* what he was doing thus reason with himself? Besides, he by the same confession declared his entire ignorance of every moral principle, that he had never been taught that it was wrong to lie, steal,' &c. Let the candid reader look at it again, and I will rest the decision with him, whether it should have the least influence on his mind to induce him to "go in" for the gallows. For one, to have any weight upon my mind, other than an increased detestation and utter abhorrence for the accursed gallows and its demoralizing and de-humanising influence, I must know the circumstances under which the confession was made, and to whom it was made. Howard could not, (if his statement and that of multitudes of others can be relied on) have written it himself, for *he could neither read or write*. Will some of our Dover friends search out this matter and let the community know the facts in the case. To whom was this confession made? To what denomination of Christians (?) does he belong? To what party in politics? Is he a clergyman or layman? If this confession was ever made, was it elicited by *leading questions* requiring an answer, *Yea* or *Nay*, and leaving the fabric to be filled up by the prolific brain of the querist, to suit his own liking or answer his own purposes? Any information relative to this matter will be interesting and perhaps useful. At any rate we want the truth and facts.—"The offended majesty of the law has now been satisfied" in poor Howard's case, and New Hampshire now stands before the world and high heaven, a *murderer!* How shall the offended majesty of the law be satisfied in her case? Who shall be her executioner? Let impartial justice be meted out to all transgressors. Would to God, that, for humanity's sake and the honor of the State, that "*infidel governor*," John H. Steele, had remained in office until poor Howard's punishment had been commuted. "Thank God," said Ex-Gov. Steele with emphasis, a few days since, "that my hands are free from the blood of poor Howard. No man could have been hung under my administration." Let the outgushings of humanity in this man, branded as an infidel, contrast with the canting, hypocritical, murderous individuals who so loudly boast of their Christianity. Let the names of all those who voted to hang Howard be pub-

ed to the world and held up as *murderers*; us know, if possible their creed in religion politics. I trust no friend of man will ever lend his vote to send such a traitor and reant of his race again where he shall shall ve the power to murder his brother *legally*. y did the "*Allied Army*," who have so nalised themselves, in favor of human liber- in the last Legislature, not wash out this barous institution from our statute book. thanks, to the noble Hale and his com- rs for the efforts they unitedly put forth to ve the life of a poor, ignorant, friendless, in- dividual, and also to rid our State of a law hich kills our brother of the human family.

Yours,

LEONARD CHASE.

Milford, Aug. 2d, 1846.

One Blood and One Brotherhood.

The light of Divine Truth, which, ages ago was cast like a solitary torch into the Egyptian night which brooded over the world, has shone on brighter and brighter onto an almost perfect day. The clouds and chaos of tempestuous confusion have slowly rolled away, and disclosed this great truth, spanning, like a rainbow, the new heavens of humanity: '*God hath made of one blood all nations of men.*' Strange, startling, obnoxious truth! which Mercy lit at the Eternal Throne and cast, all burning with the oil of heaven, into the midst of the warring world. The principalities and powers of darkness have leagued with men from age to age to put out the light, which the tyrant could not bear. 'Put out the light!' has been the watchword of War; and, like the apocalyptic dragon which John saw, it has deluged the earth with blood to quench that heaven-lit star of hope. The freemen put on his mail, and the slave made a buckler of his manacles, and ran with the master and the monarch into the crimson lists of battle; and when he mingled his blood in the same pool with theirs, the wolves, and vultures, and ravenous dogs which slaked their thirst thereat, saw, as far as beasts could see, that God, in the highest sense of their perception, 'hath made of one blood all nations of men.'

The earth has been one vast battle-field, where men have waged war with Michael and his angels, with the gospel of God and the gospel of nature, to prove that there was no identity in the origin and destiny of the human race. Religion, mistaken, earth-wedded religion, with her eyes glaring with a fire that never burned in heaven, has rushed like a fury into the combat. With her angel robe all draggled in human blood she has stood upon the light places of the earth, and brandishing the Bible in one hand, as if it were the ægis of Jupiter, and in the other, the deadliest weapon of carnal warfare, she hissed for the nations to join her sanguinary banner. And they came. The chieftain who burnished his armor by the light of burning Hecla came. The Scandinavian champions of the North led on their trained clansmen from the sunless shores of the Frozen Sea. The tartan-clad Scot who fought at Bannockburn, marched shoulder to shoulder with the mailed Southron, and both forgot they ever met in angry parlance there, while the clarion of holy war resounded from glen to glen, and from mountain to the sea. All deadly feuds, private griefs, and clannish animosities were merged into one intense, enthusiastic frenzy, which Religion baptized into Christian zeal to do God service with the sword. Seizing the standard of the cross, she led the bannered hosts of Europe to the plains of Palestine, and left them bleaching there before the walls of Acre, Gaza and Jerusalem, to show the uncircumcised infidels of the East that they had no part nor lot in Calvary, nor in the common blood of man. From Peter the Hermit's time to Bonaparte's, and from his to the earliest despot after the flood, the human race, in concert with every fiendish spirit that hated God and man, have waged perpetual crusade against that great truth which Paul uttered in the midst of Mars Hill. But did they succeed? Did the dark passions of their alienated hearts, or all their crimson issues, put out that light? Nations fell in the struggle. Crowns fell like stars in the apocalypse; but did the angel, flying through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel, suspend his flight and rest upon his folded wings? No, had we ears to hear any thing but the din of the noisy, selfish world, we might even now catch the sound of his trumpet, proclaiming as he flies:

'*God hath made of one blood all nations of men!*'

Christians, hear it! Hear it in the harmonies of the universe and the voices of visionless things which commune like whispering angels with the human soul. Hear it in the music of the birds, that never lose a note to settle any question of disputed territory in mid-air. Hear it! the night winds sigh, which have fainted beneath the burdens they have borne from the scene of human butchery. Hear it! whisper the summer breezes, which go out by moonlight a wooing the blushing flowers of every zone, and sing the same song of love over boundaries which alone make enemies of nations. Bend your ear to the lily and the rose, and hear it there; for the gentle spirit of the summer flowers is the breath of angels; and it comes up from every daisy that lifts its yellow petals to the stars, and pleads the divinity of this lesson. Read it; for it is the autograph of every sunbeam, written at dawn and dewy eve on every inch of the firmament above. Every raindrop distilled from the ocean, that patters against your window, or glitters on the rose beneath, is sent to you with the special message of love.

And then there are other voices, which come up in whispered warnings, as from a world of moaning spirits, sighing, *Hear it!* Almost every foot of ground in Europe is blushing with the blood of some murdered Abel, which 'smells rank to heaven,' and cries to God against the Cain-like profanity of the man who slays his brother. The bones of fathers, and sons, husbands and brothers, which were gathered up from the plains of Waterloo, and burned and ground to lime and sold to the farmer by the cask to manure his fields—these have voices, 'which plead like angels trumpet tongued against the deep damnation of their taking off.' Mountains interposed made them enemies; and they rushed into the deadly combat, and cleft each other's hearts to gain the immortality of human glory which was promised them for aping fiends. Like kindred drops they had mingled into one, were it not for this bloody phantom which summoned them to the field. But they mingled at last: the Briton, the Gaul and the Austrian mingled their blood in one huge draught for the thirsty earth, which blushed as she drank it in, because she knew it was human. The ponderous millstones mingled their bones in one common dust, and the farmer merged their obstinate nationalities at every handful of the pulverised humanity which he scattered upon his field. Costly dust! God's images ground to powder! lie peaceful, lie peaceful by the tender blade of growing corn!—for ye have half attained the honor of resurrection to be raised from the battlefield even to this base use. Lie still and slumber on in peace! Let the winds of heaven weep sweetly over you, and the evening zephyrs whisper as they pass by, that God, angels and men had rather ye should bear spears of grass and blades of corn, than murderous spears of steel, and blades, and bayonets, to butcher men.—Sleep on! let no malignant spirit breathe on you; but let the angel whose care it shall be to wake you to a new existence, keep watch over your desecrated dust, and point mankind to your lowly bed, and then to that eternal truth written in characters of living fire across the heavens:

'*God hath made of one blood all nations of men!*'

Christians! look upward! Do you not see that handwriting on the wall of heaven? Can ye not read it? Is it not fairly writ? Come, all ye Belshazzars of the earth—come, look there! for ye can read it without a Daniel. The Son of God himself has translated it into the language of the human heart; and every thing that can sing of love, or love to sing, has set that truth to the soul music of its existence. Ay, read it and tremble; for it is the '*Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*,' of your wanton empire over the destinies of men. Has it made you tremble on your thrones to recognize the political existence of one small nation? what will ye do when all nations of men shall rise up, in the might and majesty of their heaven-created brotherhood, and summon you to recognize the bonds of their consanguinity!

ONE BLOOD AND ONE BROTHERHOOD was the capital idea proclaimed by the great Apostle to the Gentiles, in the ears of the cold-hearted skeptics and philosophers and revilers of Athens. The silence of centuries has stilled those inspired lips, and sealed the ears of that cavilling audience. The corroding breath of time has melted away the marble temples of men's hands, to which the 'bold setter forth of strange doctrines' pointed the multitude when he uttered the sublime revelation of the unity of humanity. But that great truth lives on, beating its strong and latent life-beats in the great heart of human nature; sending out into the minutest veins of the body corporate of mankind the vital currents of common sympathy. It lives on, in every line of nature's music, warbled by bird, or brook, or breeze; pearling, with heaven's own smile of love, every rain-drop and dew-drop that distils 'upon the just and the unjust.' It lives on every inch of sea and dry land, and in the green, gladdening syllables of God's beneficence. Every tree, and plant, and blade of corn, that grateful opens its leaves to drink the honeyed moisture of the air, distilled from distant seas, or to breathe in the breath of the whispering breeze from far-off lands,—we say it reverently,—is one of Nature's Pauls, standing on another Mar's Hill, and in the unconscious inspiration of its own beautiful nature, teaching the same divine lesson:

'*God hath made of one blood all nations of men!*'

To the poor of God's human family, let this gospel be preached, be this universal revelation proclaimed, until they shall hear it gladly, and return and come to the rich, peaceful Zion of a common Father's house, and to the Common Brotherhood of the children of One Common Father. Ay, and to the poor, starving, enslaved millions of Christendom, and un-Christendom, shall this gospel yet be preached with a power and purity unequalled since the death of Paul. There are a few still, small voices crying in many a wilderness up and down this sin-seared earth—voices earnest, strong with faith and hope and love, calling to the toiling, unhomed children of men to rally around the standard of Universal Brotherhood, and claim the dignity and honor and patrimony of their divine relationship!

Elihu Burrit.

Randolph's Manumitted Slaves.—We were informed day before yesterday, and the Enquirer of yesterday confirms the report, that the people of Mercer county have prevented the settlement of Randolp's emancipated slaves in their county. The agent proceeded with them to Bremen, and landed them there, but the thing becoming noised abroad, the people assembled in a public meeting, placed a guard round the strangers, passed resolutions declaring their purpose to enforce the laws of the State, and then gave the agent till 10 o'clock the next day, to depart with his charge. He re-embarked accordingly, and is now encamped in the woods about 23 miles this side of Bremen.

The manumitted persons number 300, and many of them are women and children.

Here is a case that painfully appeals to every humane heart. These poor, unoffending creatures, natives, of the country, willing to work, peaceful and orderly, have no spot on which to rest their feet. Driven out from their native State by Slavery, they are driven back upon it, by a heartless Prejudice. If continued in Ohio, they will be *mobbed*; if returned to Virginia, they will be *enslaved!* Good God! that any of thy children should be so trampled upon!

While we deplore the cold-blooded prejudice of the people of Mercer co., we abhor the abominably selfish and inhuman policy of Virginia. What right has she to exile any of her sons from her soil, for no offence save that of wearing a dark skin? Her legislation is a gross aggression on other States. It is her duty to provide for all her own population, and especially for the class which she has degraded.—*Cincinnatti Herald.*

This is a great and christian country, undoubtedly.

The following is part of a choice editorial from the columns of the Baltimore Patriot.

A FLOWER IN THE DESERT.

A FEW WORDS FOR PEACE.

Here is a beautiful incident related by an officer at Matamoras, in a letter to a friend in Providence, which reminds us that—

In the desert there still is a fountain,
In the wide waste, there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing!

Our Army were marching into Matamoras, and the officer writes—

There was a little incident occurred which contrasted so forcibly with what was going on around me, that I could not but be struck by it.

Under a tree just on the river bank, and at the point where the bustle and throng of the passage was greatest, a family of Mexicans had taken shelter, who had re-crossed to our side the day before, and had not had time to move to their homes. There were some six or eight children of various ages; one of these a beautiful black-eyed graceful little creature of five or six years. I saw her, while tumult and turmoil of all description rang around, while arms were flashing, cannon roaring, men hurrying to and fro, horses dashing at wild speed, the air filled with shouts and oaths, and all was as if quiet and peace were banished from the earth, half sitting, half lying upon a grassy knowl, her head resting upon a white pet dove, and one little arm thrown around the bird as if to protect it from all harm.

What a lesson is taught here! What a picture for the Painter and the Poet? See Innocence personified in that sweet child! See Peace represented in that beautiful dove! How they stand out, the bright, the glorious figures in that scene, where War with its array of banners and marshalled men, and gaudily dressed officers on caparisoned horses, fresh from the battle-field, their hearts filled with the swelling thought, of the victory they have won, and all glowing with the ambitious desire that become the heroes they have shown themselves to be—how that beautiful sweet child and dove, shine with the light, that is from heaven, in that scene, where War fills up and darkens all the back ground?

Who, that is a man, can look upon this picture, and turning from that wich represents War, all glorious as it is said to be, to the calm, quiet, the joyous and happy contrast, and not find his heart moved and the longings for Peace increase upon him. Here he has before him the pomp of war. Here he sees heroes of his own country and kin, flushed with triumph, marching to take possession of that city which their valor had won? He hears the fife and the drum; and in the distance 'the diapason of the cannonade' announces that the banner of the Union floats from the stall of the government house of this so lately hostile town! It is an exhilarating sight! It moves the hearts of those who look upon it; and it warms up to a glow, the pride that every man feels in his country and his name. It is the American arms that have achieved this victory—they are American soldiers who have done this glorious deed.

We turn our eyes from this, and the glory all fades away. We look upon the battle-field, where the wounded, and the dying, and the dead are heaped up together. We see here nothing but the murderous assaults, the deadly charge, the work of the sword, and the cannon, and the gun, and the bayonet! Here is a poor fellow with his head shot off—there is another with an arm gone—what a terrible gash has the sabre of that dragoon made in the head of that soldier, who now reels to the earth! Here are two men lying together dead—they killed each other—the bayonet of the one has impaled the other; the sword of that other has let the life blood out from the heart of that one. They had never known each other—there was no quarrel between them—they had never met until just now, and they have killed each other. But they are dead and are enemies no longer! They were both married—they had wives who loved them, and they had children who blessed them. It may be, nay it is, the Mexican soldier is the father of that sweet child, who but now we saw nestling in its innocent bosom that beautiful dove!

We turn from the scene with horror!—Is it any wonder? It is a battle-field; and who can gaze on one unmoved? It softened the heart of Napoleon as he walked over it; and he, who had looked on blood and carnage, and had done the work of blood and carnage, this almost ruler of the world, shed tears, when the smoke of the contest had blown off, and he saw with the eyes of a man the butchered dead before him, and heard with the ears of a man the groans of the wounded and dying around him. We, then, all unused to such scenes, may not look upon them with less of sorrow than filled the heart of the French Emperor; it is no impeachment of our manhood to say that we cannot contemplate them without horror!

Give us then back the Peace we so lately enjoyed; give its calm rule and its ever-descending and multiplying blessings—Ye men in authority, stop the work of carnage, which you so lately sent forth your armies to accomplish. Ye can do it if you will. The cup of our national glory is already full—the valor and prowess of our soldiers are abundantly vindicated—the enemy, appalled at what they have suffered, fly like frightened deer before the march of our battallions! Let the face of that sweet child whose innocent heart has been made to taste so soon of sorrow, plead for us, and her voice, penetrating to the high places and the low places of the nation, touch the heart of the people, and prepare them for Peace. Let not, you who are in authority, you who are responsible for all that is done by us as a nation, let not that voice plead with you in vain *here*, or it may not be silent when the day of the great account shall come.

The Hutchinsons' Farewell Concert.

Of all the assemblages which the Free Trade Hall, (Manchester, England) has contained we do not recollect one which the mind finds more pleasant in contemplation than that comprised within the walls of the hall on Saturday evening last, when the Hutchinson family gave their farewell concert. The occasion of this assemblage of all ranks and classes was indeed a simple one, viewed by itself; but its concomitants furnish matter for deep thought to all who care for their fellow-citizens, and for the moral and religious elevation of mankind generally. The thought may be a grave one, and by some its alliance with the subject on which we sit down to write may be disputed; but it was that which flitted across the tablets of the mind of many in the hall, and was daguereotyped there forever, as the eye glanced over the vast assemblage of every rank and age which lay stretched far out beneath. It was a triumph, that great congregation; a triumph of the spirit of peace and of love, of temperance and sobr ety, and of music in the full exercise of its ennobling power. It was an astonishing sight to behold so many thousands attend to hear a simple trio of brothers, protectors of a confiding sister, whose talismanic influence lay not so much in the novelty of their effusions, as in that sweet freshness and beautiful affinity of family voice, pouring forth in the simplest harmony words containing the noblest sentiments. It was at once the every-day world doing homage to philanthropy, and attending at the footstool of soul inspiring sentiment and song conjoined. It was a cheering sight; may it often again be witnessed in our town.

We need scarcely to allude to the arrangements which were made, by which almost the poorest classes were enabled to be present; the prices were such as might be expected from those who fixed them. As on the last two occasions when this talented band have visited the town, some hundreds have been unable to gain admission to the edifice in which they were singing, and long before the hour appointed for the commencement, not a few on Saturday night were fearful that the disagreeable circumstance might occur again, and they might be seen so early as seven o'clock, a full hour before the time, wending their way briskly toward the respective entrances for which they had tickets. Others having an eye to a good seat were equally eager, and between the two parties so influenced, before half past seven the room gave promise of a large assembly,—Before eight, the platform and stalls were filled by a most respectable audience; the galleries and side seats had but little spare room, and the promenade space was fast filling up. When the Hutchinsons entered the room, there must have been 5000 persons present, as before remarked, of all ranks and ages. Some of the spectators were themselves, 'the observed of all observers,' especially three rail-way laborers who dressed in their working habiliments were seated near the platform in the front rank of one of the galleries deeply interested and highly delighted with the proceedings. And while they thus sat they little suspected that they were causing the milk of human kindness to swell forth in the secret thoughts of many who saw them, and inducing the heartfelt wish that more of their brethren would follow such a course.

The Hutchinsons on this as on every occasion were the only performers; they were the all and in all of the evening's entertainment. The concert was led off with that most appropriate song, so full of home associations and of yearnings after spots and faces they dearly love, 'The cot where we were born,' to which they will shortly return to tell of a kindly reception from the fathers and mothers of old father-land. As Abby's pure contralto and the fine counter tenor of her brother John were wafted through the wide expanse, thought seemed suspended for a time, and all was hushed until the close, when hearty applause gave vent to the pent-up feelings.—Charles Mackay's 'Wait a little longer,' was encored, and, without a pause (for they understood their audience, and had made arrangements before entering the room) the brothers commenced that system of acquiesence, which the company were not slow to perceive and stretch to its utmost limits. A glee, 'Good morning,' was given instead of the air just sung, and then followed the ballad gem, 'The lament of the Irish emigrant.' How many hearts were there in which the sentiments would find a response! The song is peculiarly Judson's own; a sadly sweet melody, he sings it with exquisite skill, and purity of feeling and expression. The first part of Tennyson's 'May Queen,' introduced Abby in a solo part. We feared she would not be heard; but we have been informed that she filled the room surprisingly, and those who were not near enough to distinguish her features distinctly, yet heard her softest phrases; indeed, large as was the hall, we have not heard any complaints of indistinct hearing. A merited measure of approbation was awarded to her, and she acknowledged the compliment by rising again, and giving a comic ditty, which as highly amused as the other had interested. Then came the gem of the evening, 'Excelsior,' and perhaps it was never given with more brilliant effect in Manchester. The ventriloquial effects were perfectly deceptive and you might easily have believed that

'From the sky, serene and far
A voice fell like a falling star'—*Excelsior.*

The effect was really entrancing. The second part opened with 'Westward Ho,' followed by the second and more pathetic part of the 'May Queen.' Abby gave it in her sweetest tones.—It is scarcely needful that we especially enumerate more of the songs: suffice it to say, that the programme contained the 'Farmer's Song,' the 'pauper's Funeral,' the late Thomas Hood's two songs, 'Get off the Track,' 'King Alcohol,' the 'Maniac,' and concluded with the 'Old Granite State.' To these were added, as returns for encores, a parody on 'She's all my fancy painted her,' the composition commencing with the air of our 'National Anthem,' and ending with 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Down East,' 'The Crows,' 'Calomel,' and one or two others. In the last piece, while singing

'We are all Teetotallers,
And have all signed the pledge,
We are all Teetoallers,
And determined to keep the pledge,'

some ardent disciples of Father Mathew raised a round of applause; but a greater demonstration of feeling burst forth when, immediately after, they sang

We're a band of brothers,
And will never go to war,'

in which all joined heartily. The singers acknowledged the courtesy with which they have been treated, by adding the following verse, as a finale to this, their farewell song:

'Now, farewell, friends and brothers,
Fathers, sons, daughters, and mothers,
Manchester people, and all others,
In the Father-land.

From our first appearing
Have your smiles been cheering,
And the thought endearing
We shall cherish evermore.

If we ever meet you,
We shall kindly treat you,
And with 'Welcome' greet you,
When you come to the Yankee-land.
Farewell, farewell, farewell!'

And as the last echo of the parting sound died away, a hearty spontaneous burst of applause broke from all, and with it ringing in their ears the Hutchinson family bowed and retired.

We understand that they visit Scotland before they return to the 'Old Granite State;' but whenever they do give up their travelling life, and settle in the far west, they will carry with them the grateful recollections of all who have had the good fortune to associate with them.—*Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.*

What will the War Cost?

WASHINGTON, July 8. A letter has been received from an officer of Gen. Taylor's army, which throws increased doubt upon the intended movements in that quarter.

It says that General Taylor will not hazard any movement, until he is put in a proper state of preparation.

He requires a certain number of steamboats of a capacity suited to the navigation of the Rio Grande, up to Camargo, where his principal depot is to be. He also requires that two thousand wagons be furnished him for carrying his supplies and munitions. Each wagon will require four to six mules—ten thousand mules altogether.

Besides these mules, which are to be provided with forage &c., during the march, there are some four thousand horses required for the artilery and cavalry. Provisions for ten thousand troops and forage for fourteen thousand horses and mules are to be transported. This provision is necessary for the proposed march of General Taylor's column alone from Matamoras to Monterey.

The advancing columns through Santa Fe and Chihuahua, which are to join him at Monterey, preparatory to his march to Saltillo, San Louis Potosi and Mexico, will render necessary a vast addition to his supplies and means of transportation. It must be remembered that, after he leaves Saltillo, he will have a march of four hundred miles through a desert, where he cannot get any supplies whatever.

General Taylor is too prudent a soldier to risk his laurels either in the mountain defiles or arid plains of Mexico, without ample preparation. Under all these circumstances, it can hardly be expected that the contemplated movement from Matamoras to the city of the Montezumas will be made before October, a date later than that proposed by General Scott.

As to the cost of the invasion and other movements, connected with the war, it has undoubtedly been underrated in the estimates sent to Congress by the department.

Mr. McKay seems to admit this, for he said, the other day, that the ordinary revenue, added to the money on hand, would meet the expenses of the war, even for one year, should it continue so long, and he adduced the estimates of the War Department in support of his opinion.

But the committee of ways and means put so little reliance in the estimates that they instructed Mr. McKay to introduce a bill to raise ten millions by Treasury notes or loan.

I am very much mistaken if they do not, before the close of the session, call for some ten millions more, if, indeed, which I doubt very much, the actual invasion of the interior of Mexico is designed. I am more inclined to think that Monterey is to be the halting place.—*Cor. Com. Adv.*

Miseries of War.—An American, writing from Matamoras, says:

'In walking through the streets, my attention was attracted to a house in the door of which stood or leaned two half naked Mexicans, so wo-begone as to cause me to halt. On nearing the door a most disagreeable stench almost induced me to about face; but I mustered courage to enter. On the floor, lying upon mats without covering, were near fifty Mexicans wounded in the late engagements, attended by some ten or more women. The smell of the place was insufferable and I had to leave it. The next door was the same, and so on for twenty houses. There are between 300 and 400 of these horrid objects in this place, and a sight of them would induce many a stout heart to lament the horrors of war. These men give the number killed and wounded on the 9th as much greater than the Americans have ever claimed; some say 1200, and some 1500—but enough of them.'

REMITTANCES FOR TWO WEEKS.

Walter P. Flanders, New London	$1 84
Newell R. Brown, Amherst,	1 32
Moses Rowell, Loudon,	1 00
Charles R. Brown, Oakland, Ohio,	1 50

J. C., all right,

J. J., we shall continue to send the paper—a thoughful friend has placed a dozen dollars in our hands to pay for papers to be sent in just such cases as your own.

(*Continued from 1st page.*)

at Paris, you see the 'trophies' of Napoleon and Wellington. Go to the arsenal at Toulon, ses the wooden legs piled up there for men now active and whole — and you will think a little of the physical horrors of war.

In Boston there are perhaps about 25,000 able-bodied men between 18 and 45. Suppose them all slain in a battle, or mortally hurt, or mown down by the camp-fever, *vomito*, or other diseases of war, and then fancy the distress, the heart-sickness amid wives, mothers, daughters, sons and fathers here. Yet 25,000 is a small number to be murdered in 'a famous victory;' a trifle for a whole 'glorious campaign' in a great war. The men of Boston are no better loved than the men of Tamaulipas. There is scarce an old family, of the middle class, in all New England, which did not thus smart in the Revolution, many, which have not, to this day, recovered from the bloody blow then falling on them. Think, wives, of the butchery of your husbands: think, mothers, of the murder of your sons.

Here, too, the burden of battle falls mainly on the humble class. They pay the great tribute of money; they pay also the horrid tax of blood. It was not your rich men who fought even the Revolution; not they. Your men of property and standing were leaguing with the British, or fitting out privateers when that offered a good investment or buying up the estates of more consistent tories — making money out of the nation's dire distress! True, there were most honorable exceptions; but such, I think, was the general rule. Let this be distinctly remembered — that the Burthen of Battle is borne by the humble classes of men; they pay the vast tribute of money; they the awful tax of blood! The 'glory' is got by a few; poverty, wounds, death, are for the people!

Military glory is the poorest kind of distinction, but the most dangerous passion. It is an honor to a man to be able to mould iron; to be skilful at working in cloth, wood, clay, leather. It is man's vocation to raise corn — to subdue the rebellious fibre of cotton and convert it into beautiful robes, full of comfort for the body. They are the heroes of the race who abridge the time of human toil and multiply its results; they who win great truths from God, and send them to a people's heart; they who balance the Many and the One into harmonious action — so that all are united and yet each left free. But the glory which comes of epaulets and feathers; that strutting glory which is dyed in blood — what shall we say of it? In this day it is not heroism; it is an imitation of barbarism long ago passed by. Yet it is marvellous how many men are taken with a red coat! You expect it in Europe — a land of soldiers and blood. You are disappointed to find that here the champions of force should be held in honor, and that even the lowest should voluntarily enrol themselves as butchers of men!

Yet more, *War, is a sin; a corrupter of the public morals.* It is a practical denial of Christianity; a violation of God's eternal law of love. This is so plain that I shall say little upon it to-day. Your savagest and most vulgar captain would confess he does not fight as a Christian — but as a soldier; your magistrate calls for volunteers — not as a *man* loving Christianity, and loyal to God; only as *Governor*, under oath to keep the constitution, the tradition of the elders; not under oath to keep the commandment of God! In war the laws are suspended, violence and cunning rule everywhere. The battle of Yorktown was gained by a lie — though a Washington told it. As a soldier it was his duty. Men 'emulate the tiger;' the hand is bloody, and the heart hard. Robbery and murder are the rule, the glory of men. 'Good men look sad, but ruffians dance and leap.' Men are systematically trained to burn towns, to murder fathers and sons; taught to consider it 'glory,' to do so. The government collects ruffians and cut-throats. It compels better men to serve with these and become cut-throats. It appoints chaplains to blaspheme Christianity; teaching the ruffians how to pray for the destruction of the enemy, the burning of his towns; to do this in the name of Christ and God. I do not censure all the men who serve: some of them know no better; they have heard that a man would 'perish everlastingly' if he did not belive the Athanasian creed; that if he questioned the story of Jonah, or the miraculous birth of Jesus, he was in danger of hell-fire, and if he doubted damnation was sure to be damned. They never heard that war was a sin; that to create a war was a treason, and to fight in it a wrong. They never thought of thinking for themselves; their thinking was to read a newspaper, or sleep through a sermon. They counted it their duty to obey the government without thinking if that government be right or wrong. I deny not the noble, manly character of many a soldier, his heroism, self-denial and personal sacrifice.

Still, after all proper allowance is made for a few individuals, the whole system of war is unchristian and sinful. It lives only by evil passion. It can be defended only by what is low, selfish, and animal. It absorbs the scum of the cities, pirates, robbers, murderers. It makes them worse — and better men like them. To take one man's life is murder, what is it to practice killing as an art, a trade; to do it by thousands? Yet I think better of the hands that do the butchering than of the ambitious heads, the cold, remorseless hearts, which plunge the nation into war.

In war the State teaches men to lie, to steal, to kill. It calls for privateers — who are commonly pirates with a national charter — and pirates are privateers with only a personal charter. Every camp is a school of profanity, violence, licentiousness, and crimes too foul to name. It is so without sixty-five thousand gallons of whiskey. This is unavoidable. It was so with Washington's army, with Cornwallis's, with that of Gustavus Adolphus's — perhaps the most moral army the world ever saw. The soldier's life generally unfits a man for the citizen's! When he returns from a camp, from a war, back to his native village, he becomes a curse to society and a shame to the mother that bore him. Even the soldiers of the Revolution, who survived the war, were mostly ruined for life — debauched, intemperate, vicious and vile. What loathsome creatures so many of them were! They bore our burthen — for such were the real martys of that war, not the men who fell under the shot! How many men of the rank and file in the late war have since become respectable citizens?

To show how incompatible are War and Christianity, suppose that the most Christian of Christ's disciples, the well-beloved John, were made a navy-chaplain, and some morning, when a battle is daily looked for, should stand on the gun-deck, amid lockers of shot, his Bible resting on a cannon, and expound Christianity to men with cutlasses by their side! Let him read for the morning lesson, the sermon on the mount — and for text take words from his own Epistle — so sweet, so beautiful, so true: Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God, for God is Love.' Suppose he tells his strange audience that all men are brothers; that God is their common father, that Christ loved us all — showing us how to live the life of love — and, then, when he had melted all those savage hearts by words so winsome and so true — let him conclude, 'Blessed are the men-slayers! Seek first the glory which cometh of battle. Be fierce as tigers. Mar God's image in which your brothers are made. Be not like Christ, but Cain who slew his brother! When you meet the enemy, fire into their bosoms; kill them in the dear name of Christ; butcher them in the spirit of God. Give them no quarter — for we ought not to lay down our lives for the brethren — only the murderer hath eteranl life?'

Yet great as are these threefold evils — there are times when the soberest men and the best men have welcomed it, coolly and in their better moments. Sometimes, a people long oppressed, have 'petitioned, remonstrated, cast itself at the feet of the throne,' with only insults for answer to its prayer. Sometimes there is a contest between a falsehood and a great truth; a war for freedom of mind, heart and soul; yes, a war for man's body, his wife's and children's body, for what is dearer to men than life itself — for the inalienable Rights of man, for the idea that all are born free and equal. It was so in the American Revolution — in the English, in the French Revolution. In such cases men say, 'Let it come.' They take down the firelock in sorrow; with a prayer they go forth to battle, asking that the *Right* may triumph. Much as I hate war, I cannot but honor such men. Were they better, yet more heroic, even war of that character might be avoided. Still it is a colder heart than mine which does not honor such men, though it believes them mistaken. Especially do we honor them, when it is the few, the scattered, the feeble, contending with the many and the mighty; the noble fighting for a great idea, and against the base and tyrannical. Then most men think the gain, the triumph of a great Idea, is worth the price it costs, the price of blood. Still, without stopping to touch that question, if man may ever shed the blood of man, I think even such wars as that wholly unchristian; that they may now be avoided, and the result won in a manlier, yes, a wholly Christian way.

Now, to make the evils of war still clearer, and to bring them home to your door, let us suppose there was war between the counties of Suffolk, on the one side, and Middlesex on the other; this army at Boston, that at Cambridge. Suppose the subject in dispute was the boundary line between the two—Boston claiming a pitiful acre of flat land, which the ocean at low tide disdained to cover. To make sure of that Boston seizes whole miles of flat, unquestionably not its own. The rulers on one side are Fools, and Traitors on the other. The two commanders have issued their proclamations; the money is borrowed; the whiskey provided; the soldiers —Americans, Negroes, Irishmen, all the able-bodied men—are enlisted. Prayers are offered in all the churches, and sermons preached, showing that God is a man of war, and Cain his first saint—an early Christian—a Christian before Christ. The Bostonians wish to seize Cambridge, burn the houses, churches, college-halls, and plunder the library. The men of Cambridge wish to seize Boston, burn its houses and ships, plundering its wares and its goods. Martial law is proclaimed on both sides. The men of Cambridge cut asunder the bridges, and make a huge breach in the mill-dam—planting cannon to enfilade all those avenues. Forts crown the hill-tops, else so green. Men, madder than lunatics, are crowded into the Asylum. The Bostonians re-build the old fortifications on the Neck, replace the forts on Beacon-hill, Fort-hill, Copps-hill, levelling houses to make room for redoubts and bastions. The batteries are planted, the mortars got ready; the furnaces and magazines are all prepared. The three hills are grim with war. From Copps-hill men look anxious to that memorable height the other side of the water. Provisions are cut off in Boston; no man may pass the lines; the aqueduct refuses its genial supply; children cry for their expected food. The soldiers—looking somewhat tremulous and pale; all the able-bodied have come, the vilest most willingly; some are brought by force of drink, some by force of arms. Some are in brilliant dresses—some in their working frocks. The banners are consecrated by solemn words. Your church-towers are military posts of observation. There are Old Testament prayers to the 'God of Hosts' in all the churches of Boston; prayers that God would curse the men of Cambridge, make their wives widows, their children fatherless, their houses a ruin, the men corpses, meat for the beast of the field and the bird of the air. Last night the Bostonians made a feint of attacking Charlestown, raining bombs and red hot cannon-balls from Copps-hill, till they have burnt a thousand houses, where the British burnt not half so many. Women and children fled screaming from the blazing rafters of their homes. The men of Middlesex crowd into Charlestown.

In the mean time the Bostonians hastily repair a bridge or two; some pass that way, some over the Neck—all stealthily by night —and while the foe expect them at Bunkers, amid the blazing town, they have stolen a march and rush upon Cambridge itself. The Cambridge men turn back. The battle is fiercely joined. You hear the cannon, the sharp report of musketry. You crowd the hills, the housetops; you line the Common, you cover the shore,—yet you see but little in the sulphurous cloud. Now the Bostonians yield a little—a reinforcement goes over. All the men are gone; even the gray-headed who can shoulder a firelock. They plunge into battle mad with rage, madder with rum. The chaplains loiter behind.

"Pious men, whom duty brought,
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead."

The battle hangs long in even scale. At length it turns. The Cambridge men retreat—they run—they fly. The houses burn. You see the churches and the colleges go up, a stream of fire. That library—founded 'mid want and war and sad sectarian strife, slowly gathered by the saving of two centuries, the hope of the poor scholar, the boast of the rich one—is scattered to the winds and burnt with fire, for the solid granite is blasted by powder, and the turrets fall. Victory is ours. Ten thousand men of Cambridge lie dead; eight thousand of Boston. There writhe the wounded; men who but few hours before were poured over the battle-field a lava-flood of fiery valor—fathers, brothers, husbands, sons.—There they lie, torn and mangled; black with powder; red with blood; parched with thirst; cursing the load of life they now must bear with bruised frames and mutilated limbs. Gather them into hasty hospitals—let this man's daughter come to-morrow and sit by him, fanning away the flies, he shall linger out a life of wretched anguish unspoken and insupportable, and when he dies his wife religiously will keep the shot which tore his limbs. There is a the battle field. Here the horse charged; there the howitzers scattered their shells, pregnant with death; here the murderous canister and grape mowed down whole the crowded ranks; there the huge artillery, teeming with murder, was dragged o'er heaps of men—wounded friends who just now held its ropes, men yet curling with anguish, like worms in the fire. Hostile and friendly, head and trunk are crushed beneath those dreadful wheels. Here the infantry showered their murdering shot.—That ghastly face was beautiful the day before—a sabre hewed its half away.

"The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay must cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

Again 'tis night. Oh, what a night, and after what a day! Yet the pure tide of woman's love—which never ebbs since earth began—flows on in spite of war and battle. Stealthily, by the pale moonlight, a mother of Boston treads the weary miles to reach that bloody spot; a widow she—seeking among the slain her only son.—The arm of power drove him forth reluctantly to the fight. A friendly soldier guides her way. Now she turns over this face, whose mouth is full of purple dust, bit out of the ground in his extremest agony—the last sacrament offered him by earth herself; now she raises that form, cold, stiff, stony and ghastly as a dream of hell. But, lo! another comes—she too a woman—younger and fairer, yet not less bold, a maiden from the hostile town to seek her lover.—They meet—'two women among the corpses; two angels come to Golgotha, seeking to raise a man. There he lies before them; they look,—yes, 'tis he you seek; the same dress, form, features too;—'tis he, the Son, the Lover. Maid and mother could tell *that* face in any light. The grass is wet with his blood. Yes, the ground is muddy with the life of men. The mother's innocent robes drabbled in the blood her bosom bore. Their kisses, groans and tears recall the wounded man. He knows the mother's voice; that voice yet more beloved. His lips move only, for they cannot speak. He dies! The waxing moon moves high in heaven, walking in beauty 'mid the clouds, and murmurs soft her cradle song unto the slumbering earth. The broken sword reflects her placid beams. A star looks down and is imaged back in a pool of blood. The cool night wind plays in the branches of the trees shivered with shot. Nature is beautiful; that lovely grass underneath their feet; those pendulous branches of the eaty elm; the stars and that romantic moon lining the clouds with silver light! A groan of agony, hopeless and prolonged, wails out from that bloody ground. But in yonder farm the whippowil sings to her lover all night long; the rising tide ripples melodious against the shores. So wears the night away,—Nature, all sinless, round that field of wo.

"The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,
And glowing into day.

What a scene that morning looks upon! I will not turn again. Let the dead bury their dead. But their blood cries out of the ground against the rulers who shed it,—Cain, where are thy brothers? What shall the Fool answer? What the Traitor say?

Then comes thanksgiving in all the churches in Boston. The consecrated banners, stiff with blood and "glory," are hung over the altar. The minister preaches and the singer sings: "The Lord hath been on our side. He treadeth the people under me. He teacheth my hands to war, my fingers to fight. Yea, He giveth me the necks of mine enemies; for the Lord is His name;" and "'t was a famous victory!"—Boston seizes miles square of land; but her houses are empty; her wives widows; her children fatherless. Rachel weeps for the murder of her innocents—yet dares not rebuke the rod. I know there is no fighting across Charles River, as in this poor fiction; but there was once, and instead of CHARLES say RIO GRANDE; for CAMBRIDGE read METAMORAS, and 'tis what your President recommended; what your Congress enacted; what your Governor issued his proclamation for; what your volunteers go to accomplish:—yes, what they fired cannon for on Boston Common t'other day. I wish *that* were a fiction of mine!

We are waging a most iniquitous war—so it seems to me. I know I may be wrong. But I am no partizan, and if I err, it is not wilfully, not rashly. I know the Mexicans are a wretched people—wretched in their origin, history and character. I know but two good things of them as a people—they abolished negro slavery, not long ago; they do not covet the lands of their neighbors. True, they have not paid all their debts, but it is scarcely decent in a nation with any repudiating States to throw the first stone at her for that.

I know the Mexicans cannot stand before this terrible Anglo-Saxon race, the most formidable and powerful the world ever saw; a race which has never turned back; which, though it number less than forty millions, yet holds the Indies, almost the whole of North America; which rules the commerce of the world; clutches at New Holland, China, New Zealand, Borneo, and seizes island after island in the farthest seas;—the race which invented steam as its awful type. The poor, wretched Mexicans can never stand before us.—How they perished in battle! They must melt away as the Indians before the white man. Considering how we acquired Louisiana, Florida, Oregon, I cannot forbear thinking that this people will possess the whole of this continent before many years; perhaps before the century ends. But this may be had fairly; with no injustice to any one; by the steady advance of a superior race, with superior ideas and a better civilization; by commerce, trade, arts, by being better than Mexico, wiser, humaner, more free and manly. Is it not better to acquire it by the school-master than the cannon; by peddling cloth, tin, any thing rather than bullets? It may not all belong to this Government—and yet to this race. It would be a gain to mankind if we could spread over that country the ideas of America—that all men are born free and equal in rights, and establish there political, social, and individual freedom. But to do that we must first make real these ideas at home.

In the general issue between this race and theirs, we are in the right. But in this special issue, and this particular war, it seems to me that we are wholly in the wrong; that our invasion of Mexico is as bad as the partition of Poland in the last century and in this. If I understand the matter—the whole movement, the settlement of Texas, the Texan revolution, the annexation of Texas, the invasion of Mexico has been a movement hostile to the American idea,—a movement to extend Slavery. I do not say such was the design on the part of the people, but on the part of the politicians who pulled the strings. I think the papers of the Government and the debates of Congress prove that. The annexation has been declared unconstitutional in its mode,—a virtual dissolution of the Union—and that by very high and well known authority. It was expressly brought about for the purpose of extending Slavery. An attempt is now made to throw the shame of this on the Democrats. I think the Democrats deserve the shame; but I could never see that the Whigs, on the whole, deserved it any less; only they were not quite so open.—Certainly, their leaders did not take ground against it,—never as against a modification of the tariff! When we annexed Texas we of course took her for better or worse, debts and all, and annexed her war along with her. I take it every body knew that; though now some seem to pretend a decent astonishment at the result. Now one party is ready to fight for it as the other! The North did not oppose the annexation of Texas. Why not? They knew they could make money by it. The eyes of the North are full of cotton; they see nothing else, for a *web* is before them; their ears are full of cotton, and they hear nothing but the buzz of their mills; their mouth is full of cotton, and they can speak audibly but two words—Tariff, Tariff, Dividends, Dividends. Yes, the talent of the North is blinded, deafened, gagged with its own cotton. The North clamored loudly when the nation's treasure was removed from the United States Bank;—it is almost silent at the annexation of a slave territory big as the kingdom of France, encumbered with debts—loaded with the entailment of war! Northern governors call for soldiers; our men volunteer to fight in a most infamous war for the extension of slavery!—Tell it not in Boston, whisper it not in Faneuil Hall, lest you waken the slumbers of your fathers, and they curse you as cowards and traitors unto men! Not satisfied with annexing Texas and a war, we next invaded a territory which did not belong to Texas, and built a fort on the Rio Grande, where, I take it, we had no more right than the British, in 1841, had on the Penobscot or the Saco. Now the Government and its Congress would throw the blame on the innocent, and say war exists 'by the act of Mexico!' If a lie was ever told, I think this is one. Then the 'dear people' must be called on for money and men, for 'the soil of this free republic is invaded,' and the Governor of Massachusetts, one of the men who declared the annexation of Texas unconstitutional, recommends the war he just now told us to pray against, and appeals to our 'patriotism,' and 'humanity,' as arguments for butchering the Mexicans, when they are in the right and we in the wrong! The maxim is held up, 'Our country, right or wrong;' 'Our country howsoever bounded;' and it might as well be, 'our country, howsoever governed.' It seems popularly and politically forgotten that there is such a thing as RIGHT. The nation's neck invites a Tyrant. I am not at all astonished that Northern Representatives voted for this work of crime. They are no better than Southern Representatives; scarcely less in favor of slavery, and not half so open. They say; Let the North make money, and you may do what you please with the nation; and we will choose governors who dare not oppose you, for, though we are descended from the Puritans, we have one article in our creed we never flinch from following, and that is—to make money; honestly, if we can; if not, as we can!

Look through the action of your Government, and your Congress. You see no reference has been had in this affair to Christian ideas; none to Justice and eternal Right. Nay, none at all! In the Churches, and among the people, how feeble has been the protest against this great wrong. How tamely the people yield their necks—and say; 'Take our sons for war—we care not, right or wrong.' Let land butchers the Sikhs in India—her generals are elevated to the peerage, and the head of her church writes a form of thanksgiving for the victory—to be read in all the churches of that Christian land. To make it still more abominable, the blasphemy is enacted on Easter Sunday, the great festival day of men who serve the Prince of Peace. We have not had prayers in the churches for we have no political Archbishop. But we fired cannon in joy that we had butchered a few wretched men—half starved and forced into the ranks by fear of death. Your Peace Societies, and your Churches what can they do? What dare they? Verily, we are a faithless and perverse generation. God be merciful to us, sinners that we are!

But why *talk* forever? What shall we do? In regard to this present war, we can refuse to take any part in it; we can encourage others to do the same; we can aid men, if need be, who suffer because they refuse. Men will call us traitors, what then? That hurt nobody in '76! We are a rebellious nation; our whole history is treason; our blood was attainted before we were born; our Creeds are infidelity to the Mother-church; our Constitution treason to our father-land. What of that? Though all the Governors in the world bid us commit treason against Man, and set the example, let us never submit. Let God only be Master to control our Conscience!

We can hold public meetings in favor of Peace, in which what is wrong shall be exposed and condemned. It is proof of cowardice that this has not been done before now. We can show in what the infamy of a nation consists; in what its true glory. One of your own men, the last summer, startled the churches out of their sleep by his manly trumpet, talking with us and telling that the true grandeur of a nation was Justice not glory, Peace not war.

We can work now for future times, by taking pains to spread abroad the Sentiments of Peace, the Ideas of Peace, among the people in schools, churches—everywhere. At length we can diminish the power of the National Government, so that the people alone shall have the power to declare war, by a direct vote — the Congress only to recommend it. We can take from the Government the means of war by raising only revenue enough for the national actual wants, and raising that directly, so that each man knows what he pays, and when he pays it, and then he will take care that it is not paid to make him poor and keep him so. We can diffuse a real practical Christianity among the people, till the mass of men have courage enough to overcome evil with good, and look at war, as the worst of treason and the foulest infidelity.

Now is the time to push and be active. War itself gives weight to words of peace. There will never be a better time, till we make the times better. It is not a day for cowardice, but for heroism. Fear not that the 'honor of the nation' will suffer from Christian movements for Peace. What is your men of low degree are a vanity, and your men of high degree are a lie? That is no new thing. Let true men do their duty, and the lie and the vanity will pass each to its reward. Wait not for the Churches to move, or the State to become Christian. Let us bear our testimony like men, not fearing to be called **Traitors, Infidels**; fearing only to *be* such.

I would call on Americans, by their love of our country, its great ideas, its real grandeur, its hopes and the memory of its fathers—to come and help save that country from infamy and ruin. I would call on Christians, who believe that Christianity is a Truth, to lift up their voice, public and private, against the foulest violation of God's law, this blasphemy of the Holy Spirit of Christ, this worst form of infidelity to Man and God. I would call on all men, by the one nature that is in you, by the great human heart beating alike in all your bosoms, to protest manfully against this desecration of the earth, this high treason against both Man and God. Teach your rulers that you are Americans, not Slave; Christians, not Heathen; Men, not murderers, to kill for hire! You may effect little in this generation, for its head seems crazed and its heart rotten. But there will be a day after to-day. It is for you and me to make it better; a day of peace, when nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation; when all shall indeed be brothers, and all blest. Do this—you shall be worthy to dwell in this beautiful land; Christ will be near you; God work with you—and bless you forever!

This present trouble with Mexico may be very brief; surely it might be even now brought to an end with no unusual manhood in your rulers. Can we say we have not deserved it? Let it end, but let us remember that war, horrid as it is, is not the worst calamity which ever befalls a people. It is far worse for a nation to loose all reverence for Right, for Truth, all respect for Man and God; to care more for the freedom of trade than the freedom of Men! more for a tariff than millions of souls. This calamity came upon us gradually, long before the present war, and will last long after that has died away. Like People like Ruler, is a true word. Look at your rulers, Representatives, and see our own likeness! We reverence *Force*, and have forgot there is any Right beyond the vote of a Congress or a people; any good beside Dollars; any God but Majorities and Force. I think the present war, though it should cost 50,000 men and $50,000,000, the smallest part of our misfortune. Abroad we are looked on as a nation of swindlers and men-stealers! What can we say in our defence? Alas, the nation is a traitor to its great idea,—that all men are born equal, each with the same inalienable rights. We are infidels to Christianity. We have paid the price of our shame.

There have been dark days in this nation before

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